A LOOKING-GLASS

FOR

The Lord Chancellor;

OR,

A Brief Summary of ſome of his Notorious Crimes.

WHat horrid guilt ſurpriz'd the Man,
That in each cauſe ſtill won the day;
Who always us'd to lead the Van,
And knew no Juſtice to Obey.
That he ſhould leave the glorious Court,
The Splendid Place of his Reſort,
Where he had all things at Command,
To fly into another Land?
It was becauſe a Monarch Great,
A Mighty Prince, a Proteſtant,
Was come to Rectify the State
Of *England*, by a Parliament.
Which Settlement he did abhor,
Who was a Traytor to the Crown;
Adviſ'd the King the Laws to mar,
To pull the Rights and Charters down.
He always ſided with the Times,
Being guilty of Notorious Crimes;
Gave Counſel to himſelf and fled,
For fear the Law ſhould reach his Head.
Tho Vengeance ſuffer'd not to fly,
But fill'd his Conſcience full of guilt,
And loudly after him did Cry,
For all the Blood that he had Spilt:
Being Apprehended, back was brought,
For all the Evil he had wrought;
Committed Pris'ner, on *Tower-Hill*,
His Dream in order to fulfill:
Which Dream Preſag'd his fatal Woe,
That firſt Advanc'd he ſhould be high,
Ev'n next unto the Crown but two,
At laſt be Hang'd in ſhame to dye.
The two firſt hath already been,
As *Oats* did at the Bar declare,
When wrongfully he Sentenc'd him,
Who bid him of the Third beware.
The King may cry, Alas, Alas,
By's Evil Counſel I'm undone,
Which I too often did Embrace,
A Fatal Shaking to my Throne:
The Citizens may Curſe the Day
That ever Nature gave him Breath,
And loudly Cry, Away, away
With ſuch a fellow from the Earth;
Who doomed was unto Diſgrace,
Before the Parliament, was brought
Upon his knees, when in his place
Great Miſdemeanours he had wrought:
Who ſmother'd the whole Popiſh Plot,
That *Godfrey*'s Death might be forgot:
VVho did Invade our Charters Right,
And in our Ruine did delight:
VVho abhorred all Petitioning
VVhen we His Majeſty did Intreat,
Inſinuating to the King
To pull us down, we were too great.
He alſo (as ſays the Records)
VVhen on the Bench gave his Conſent,
To Bail out all the Popiſh Lords,
Altho Impeach'd by Parliament.
VVho did againſt Lord *Ruſſel* plead,
And Sentenc'd him to Death ſevere;
A Valiant Proteſtant indeed,
Againſt whom nothing was found clear.
He VVorthy *Corniſh* doom'd to dye,
Tho he'd commited no Offence,
And like a Villain, Treacherouſly
His Jury 'gainſt him did incenſe.
VVhen Noble *Eſſex* in the *Tower*
VVas Murther'd by a Barbarous hand,
He to the utmoſt of his Power
Did its Diſcovery withſtand.
Nay more, this barb'rous Murther he
(VVhich never ought to be forgot)
Proof 'gainſt Lord *Ruſſel* made to be,
That he was guilty of a Plot.
He Murther'd Innocents in th' VVeſt,
And did the bood of Thouſands ſpill,
Caus'd thoſe inhumane deaths to taſte,
VVho had been far from doing ill:
This Bawling fellow made a ſport
Of Scoffing Men out of their own,
And got a Name at laſt in Court,
By *Bawling Jefferies* to be known.
Innumerable were his Crimes,
Half which this Paper can't relate,
For all his Evils done at times,
He muſt be Sacrific'd to th' State.
The Man that Judg'd in every Cauſe,
And yet did Juſtice unto none,
Muſt ſtand Indicted by our Laws,
And as a Pris'ner, Plead his own:
A Fatal Fall from Bench to Bar,
The juſt demerit of his Crimes,
VVhich will his Honour greatly mar,
By Changing Laws, has Changed Times.
He needs not Counſel for to Fee,
His Judges all will do him Right,
He Council for himſelf may be,
And keep his Guineas out of ſight,
Untill the Hangman do appear
To do him Juſtice on *Tower-Hill*,
VVhere greateſt Shouts will fill the Sphere,
VVhen *Jefferies* doth his Dream fulfill.

FINIS.